

Billy After Dentist by hoppnhorn

Series: [Harringrove Bits & Pieces \[15\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drugged Billy Hargrove, M/M, and Steve is there to drive him home, dont worry, he just had his wisdom teeth taken out, the drugs are a needed sort of thing

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-12-04

Updated: 2018-12-04

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:07:39

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 739

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy has a funny reaction to anesthesia.

Billy After Dentist

Author's Note:

[prompt from tumblr](#): Can I get Billy thinking Steve is the most beautiful man he's ever seen? And he just loves him so much?

He's pretty sure Billy's going to kill him tomorrow. But he's ready to take the chance.

"Where did the lady go?" Billy asks, his head rolling around on the pillow like he can't quite turn his head. Steve bites his lip to keep from laughing at the way his boyfriend's eyes can't quite stay open. How *goofy* he looks, blinking so slow.

"She went to get you some medicine." Steve says calmly, holding down the impulse to laugh. He can't risk jostling the phone in his hand. Not when this footage is as precious as *gold*. "Eat your cracker, okay?"

Billy finds him again, eyes focusing for just a moment, and then he nods. Takes a bite.

He chews the piece of saltine for what feels like almost a minute before he looks at Steve again, focuses.

"You're beautiful."

Sure, Billy's called him beautiful before. But not in *public*. There are nurses less than a few feet away and it's not like Billy's *whispering*. He's using the same volume as toddlers when they proudly announce they need to poop. Steve blushes, wonders if maybe he shouldn't film this.

But he'd *promised* Dustin.

"Thank you." He says gently and resists the urge to reach out and stroke Billy's face. His poor face. It's already a little yellow around his jaw, puffed out from the gauze shoved in his mouth. He won't feel any pain for a little while, but he will. And Steve *remembers* that

ache. Those days of feeling like his *face* was all wrong. “Eat your cracker.” He adds.

Billy chews.

“Are you a model?”

Steve can’t help it. He snorts. Quickly, but it’s a snort nonetheless. Billy is going to absolutely *murder* him.

“No, I’m not a model.” He brushes a little bit of cracker crumb off Billy’s chin. As carefully as he can. “Billy, you gotta eat that cracker before they can give you more medicine.”

“You’re the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen.” Billy says, eyes still drooping but his gaze true. His stare is almost awestruck, when he can keep his eyes open.

Steve flushes and seriously considers hitting the little stop button on the recording. It’s almost *too* sweet. Too genuine and innocent. It feels like all the layers of Billy’s self doubt and self hate have been stripped away in a moment, revealing nothing but his true feelings.

And Steve doesn’t know if he wants anyone to see such a vulnerable side.

“Thank you very much.” He repeats, his thumb hovering over the stop button. “Now eat your cracker—”

“Are you single?” Billy blurts. And Steve smiles. So *so* wide.

“No, Billy. I’m your boyfriend.”

And, well, he knows he’ll remember the way Billy’s face lights up for the rest of his life. One moment, Billy looks like he might nod off at the drop of a hat. The next, he’s staring wide-eyed, surprised like he’d been slapped.

“My boyfriend? You’re *my* boyfriend?” He asks, his voice suddenly *much* louder. Steve blushes wildly when the eyes of several nurses find them. But their smiles are sweet and fond. Reaching for Billy’s hand, he grasps it and squeezes.

“Yeah, baby. I’m yours.”

“How long?” Billy asks, incredulous. Steve laughs and, *strangely*, tears spring to his eyes. But he doesn’t hit the stop button.

“Three years.” He answers, squeezing Billy’s hand again. “We’ve been dating for three years.”

“Three years?” Billy asks, his eyebrows pinching hard in the middle, mouth open wide. There’s chewed cracker hanging out in his mouth, but Steve doesn’t care. The expression is one of the cutest he’s ever seen. “We’ve been dating for three years? Why aren’t we married?”

If people weren’t staring before, they certainly were now. Most of the people in the dentist’s recovery room were stopping, listening to Billy’s loud voice.

“Baby, shh. Eat your cracker.” He begs gently. Billy stuffs more of the thing into his mouth but the pieces simply blow everywhere when he asks the question again.

“Why aren’t we married?”

And, well.

“It’s not legal in our state yet, baby.” Steve says sadly. “And we’re in college still, we’ve got time. There’s no rush—”

“Marry me.” Billy cuts him off, cracker bits going everywhere.

Steve is *actually* crying when he grins and leans forward to kiss Billy’s forehead.

“Tell you what, big guy. I’ll marry you when you eat that damn cracker.”

He’s never seen Billy eat so quickly in his life.